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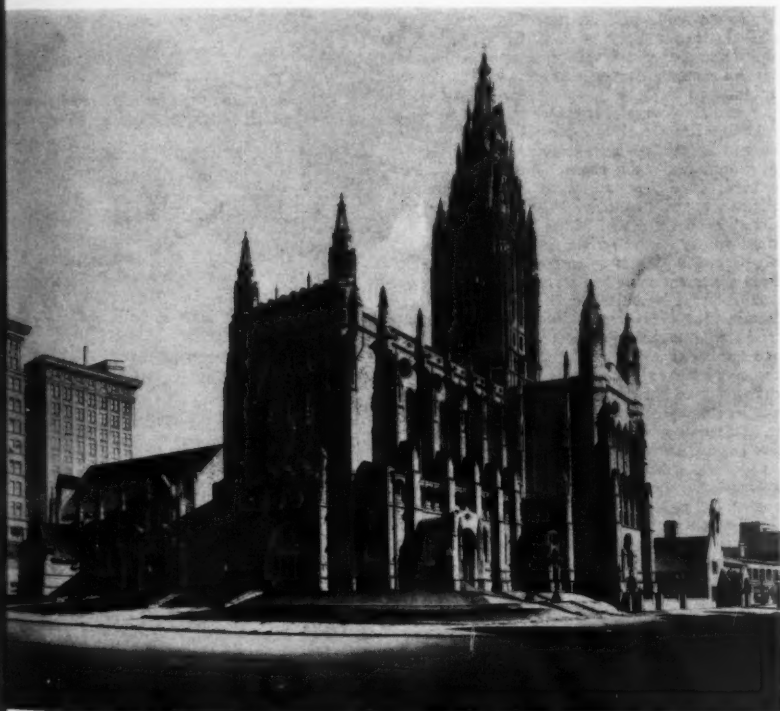
MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XIX PITTSBURGH, PA., APRIL 1946 NUMBER 10



GOTHIC, A. D. 1941 By JOHN TAYLOR ARMS

East Liberty Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh

Etching

CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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WILLIAM FREW, Editor

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VOLUME XIX

NUMBER 10

APRIL 1946

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GOTHIC A. D. 1941

When William M. Robinson of Pittsburgh called upon me in 1940 to etch a plate of the East Liberty Presbyterian Church, I accepted the commission with enthusiasm. Having devoted my working life to the study and interpretation, through the medium of the copperplate and the etched line, of architecture, with special emphasis on ecclesiastical and hence on Gothic, this great modern church appealed to me both by the nature of its conception and the beauty of its execution.

Designed by Ralph Adams Cram, the most learned and sympathetic exponent of the Gothic in church design our country has produced, it is imbued, from foundations to loftiest pinnacle, with that spirit of medieval devotion and aspirational exuberance which has been the goal toward which I have striven in my own pictorial efforts and which is as far removed as possible from the materialism and regimentation of today.

Surrounded by buildings of commerce and the teeming life of a great twentieth-century industrial city, this church lifts its noble mass skyward as a symbol of that Christian spirit which through the ages has survived and triumphed over the ills that mankind has brought upon itself, a daily reminder and a pledge to the thousands who pass by it, and to all who enter into it, to lift their eyes and their thoughts to its physical attributes and its spiritual meaning.

I made the pencil drawing from which the plate was etched in the summer of 1940, sitting in the show window of a dress shop across the way, the progress of the drawing solicitously attended by the friendly proprietor and viewed curiously by the throng of people who passed steadily by and seemed surprised to see a man sitting and drawing among the dress models that filled the window! The plate was executed in my Fairfield, Connecticut, studio and consumed a little less than a thousand hours.

The small edition of prints taken from it for distribution by the owner of the plate, Mr. Robinson, was printed by myself and Charles S. White, of New York City, and was completed early in 1942. A later, equally small edition, was taken from the plate by my London printer, David Strang, whom I believe to be the greatest living master of copperplate printing.

—JOHN TAYLOR ARMS, N.A.

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APRIL

6—"The Story of the Brass Instruments"

William Gibson, trombonist
Carnegie Tech music students

13—"Alexandre Guilman, Organist and Composer"

« D »

Organ Recitals by Marshall Bidwell
Sundays at 4:00 P.M.

MUSEUM

The Atlantic Walrus Exhibit,
largest group in the Museum, now open
in the Hall of North American Mammals

FINE ARTS GALLERIES

John Taylor Arms
Thirty Years of Etching
—through April 14

« D »

Pittsburgh Salon of Photographic Art
—through April 21

« D »

Janet de Coux Sculpture
April 4—May 12

« D »

Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944)
Memorial Exhibition
April 11—May 12

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William Henry Singer, Jr. (1868-1943)
Memorial Exhibition
April 25—May 26

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The Carnegie Institute, in the broadest sense, holds its possessions in trust for mankind and for the constant welfare and happiness of the race. Anyone, therefore, who by a gift of beautiful works of art, or objects of scientific value, or a donation to its financial resources, aids in the growth of these collections and the extension of its service, is contributing substantially to the glorious mission of the Institute.

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THE NEW WALRUS GROUP

BY LAWRENCE C. WOODS, JR.

Honorary Curator, Carnegie Museum



THE Atlantic Walrus group, which has just been opened for public inspection at the Carnegie Institute, brings to Pittsburgh a family of one of North America's largest mammals. The Atlantic

Walrus, found in the icy waters of the North, is seldom seen by anyone but the native Eskimo, the Hudson's Bay Company trader, or the Royal Canadian Mounted Police on his lonely patrols. The group adds an important exhibit to the Carnegie Museum's collection of mammals from the northern parts of America.

For over forty years the Carnegie Museum has been interested in eastern Canada—in particular, the Ungava or Labrador Peninsula—and over twenty expeditions have gone out from Pittsburgh to explore that vast tract of almost unknown territory.

In 1938 under the leadership of J. Kenneth Doust, Curator of Mammalogy, accompanied by Arthur C. Twomey, Ornithologist, an expedition set out for the interior of Ungava, now known as North Quebec, for the purpose of bringing back some of the then unstudied landlocked seals. Before Mr. Doust and Dr. Twomey left in January, we made arrangements to meet them late in the summer on the Belcher Islands, remote clusters of rocky lands and fogbound rocks in eastern Hudson Bay. The Belcher Islands had been chosen as a meeting place, for the two scientists had planned, upon the completion of their seal expedition, to cross the ice in the early spring and spend

some months on the Belchers collecting animals and birds. We felt certain that walrus could be found not far away.

It was a stormy wild evening in the middle of August when our little schooner, the *Dorothy*, rounded the point and put into the harbor on the Belchers, and we met our friends who had preceded us. With the help of Bob Cruickshank, Hudson's Bay Company post manager and the only white inhabitant of the islands, we were fortunate in securing two good native hunters, well-qualified to help find our quarry. Walrus, however, had not been plentiful in recent years, and we were told that we might be fortunate in finding six or eight if the ice did not come to cut us off and if the weather would give us the right break. In a sea as huge as Hudson Bay, half a million square miles in area and with a treacherous coast, most of it but poorly charted, one does not go sailing about haphazardly; and it is only with the help of natives who know the waters and the coasts, and then again only with luck, that success may sometimes be attained.

Heading north, we spent a few days in a native village, touched some other islands, far off to the east saw the King George island group rise and disappear into the sea, and hunted for the great beasts we had come so far to find. We were fortunate beyond our fondest hopes when, after several days during which we had seen but one small herd, we met a tiny ship manned entirely by Eskimos. They had come over from the east coast, hunting walrus for winter feed for their dogs. With the skill acquired from long practice, they led us to a small harbor in the Sleeper Islands, far to the north of the Belchers, and assured us we would find the animals we were hunting. It was evening



ATLANTIC WALRUS NOW ON DISPLAY AT CARNEGIE MUSEUM

as we dropped anchor in a small cove. The sky was a mixed pattern of glorious colors, and later, as the stars came out, the Northern Lights crossed the heavens. In the distance we could hear the roaring of what evidently was a large herd of the great beasts.

Early the next morning both ships got under way, and as we rounded the point of the cove we came upon a sight which we had never expected to see—a small, glistening rock, about an acre in area, literally covered with a herd of nearly four hundred walrus. As the boats came nearer, with a bellowing and grunting the walrus slipped off into the water, until only the great bull of the herd was left, and he, with a final look and grunt, plunged into the sea. The hunt then began, our Eskimo hunters directing us, and we in turn trying to pick out specimens of the herd which would be interesting from the standpoint of the museum. Colonel Paul Hunt, Mr. Dourt, Dr. Twomey and I were the hunters, and it was not long before we had succeeded in securing the number desired and for which permits had been granted.

After several days given over to skinning the animals—not an easy task even for two skilled Eskimos with the help of others—we headed south. Day after day storm and fog held us up, and we were getting anxious about the safety of the skins, for there was not

much salt aboard to preserve them. Thanks, however, to the skillful fleshing done by the Eskimo women at one of the villages and to the helpfulness of the Hudson's Bay Company at several of their posts and of the Catholic Fathers at Fort George, far to the south, a supply of salt sufficient to get the hides back to Pittsburgh was secured.

The exhibit which we see in the museum today shows, with amazing fidelity and beauty, the country in which we found the walrus. To one who has been there and seen them, particularly the great herd on the tiny island, the exhibit seems absolutely lifelike. One can almost hear the gentle wash of the waters on the rock and the grunting of the herd. The skill of the artists who prepared the animals, Harold J. Clement and Ottmar F. von Fuehrer, brings alive again the memory of those strange interesting beasts. Through the generosity of Richard K. Mellon the exhibit has been made possible, and it is the hope of all those who have had a part in bringing this group to Pittsburgh that this exhibit may give clearer understanding of a little-known animal of the Arctic seas.

The Atlantic Walrus group is the first to be opened in the projected new Hall of North American Mammals at Carnegie Museum. An exhibit of Barren Ground Caribou, prepared some time ago, has been placed beside it.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON

By RICHARD L. STITES

Member, Photographic Section, Academy of Science and Art of Pittsburgh



PHOTOGRAPHY in the hands of pictorial workers is a medium of response to stimuli, exactly as painting is. The only difference between the two is that photography avoids draftsmanship.

Design and tone are equally at the command of both; composition and chiaroscuro are essential in each case; and the thousand other little qualities and concerns that appear during the making of a print are germane to those of the monochrome worker in the graphic arts.

The thirty-third annual international Pittsburgh Salon of Photography, on view in the third-floor galleries of the Department of Fine Arts of the Carnegie Institute from March 22 to April 21, affords residents of the district an opportunity to see the finest examples of contemporary pictorial photography.

It is impossible to define exactly what is referred to as pictorial quality, but it is perhaps within the mark to say that character is a somewhat too inclusive word and that beauty, as generally understood, is a word of too limited significance to properly express its meaning. In proportion as a photograph is expressive, possessing character and beauty, it possesses pictorial quality. The two hundred and thirty-eight prints on display were selected from almost one thousand entries, and all show evidence of personal artistic feel-

ing rather than mere ability or documentary import.

The judges for this year's Salon were Cecil B. Atwater, A.P.S.A., of Boston, lecturer and frequent contributor to camera magazines; John W. Doscher, F.P.S.A., of New York, well-known teacher of photography; and Charles B. Phelps, F.P.S.A., of Detroit, president of the Photographic Society of America. All three of these experienced jurors have successfully exhibited in salons in this country and abroad for many years.

The impartiality toward subject matter shown by the judges has resulted in a show that will be of interest to everyone. Pictures of all types—portraits, landscapes, pattern shots, genre and figure studies—have been included. The most important requirement for acceptance was of course excellence of photographic technique, and unless a



PRUNUS TRILOBA BY H. J. ENSENBERGER



HONEY, BUNNY, AND PEPPER BY JON D. DODDS

print possessed this quality it was rejected almost immediately.

The judges seemed to be particularly impressed with the prints that contained delicate gradations of tones, and an excellent example of this is Aubrey Bodine's *Rowing at Ebb Tide*, which has no harsh contrasts and only one small dark area in the entire picture. The reproduction cannot possibly do justice to the original, which was toned in blue to emphasize the feeling of mist over the water.

Guardians by Paul Pratte, on the other hand, is outstanding for sheer excellence of composition. The simplicity in arrangement of the subject matter, with its contrast between the dark semaphore in the foreground and the lighter buildings in the distance, results in a most dramatic picture.

The flower study by H. J. Ensensberger, entitled *Prunus Triloba*, represents complete success in carrying out a difficult assignment. Here Mr. Ensensberger has shown remarkable command of his medium in being able to reproduce the exquisite detail of each blossom, together with the unmistakable beauty of the glass vases.

During recent years when the photographer has been restricted in his

travels, he has turned for subject matter to domestic animals. Horses, dogs, chickens, rabbits, and cats have made their way in profusion to the viewing easel, but only a very few have met the requirements for exhibition. Even persons allergic to cats cannot resist the appealing faces of *Honey, Bunny, and Pepper* by Jon D. Dodds.

We have already mentioned that the Pittsburgh Salon

always attracts entries from foreign countries. This year there were 259 such prints submitted. Postal restrictions limit the size of these pictures and for that reason they must be examined quite closely to be fully appreciated. Despite this handicap, many were accepted. *Enajo* by Felipe Maiaru, of Concordia, Argentina, is a study in modern design and a very striking



GUARDIANS BY PAUL K. PRATTE

composition of lights and parallels.

No prizes are awarded in the Pittsburgh Salon, the honor of having a picture hung being considered sufficient.

It is certain that those who visit this year's Salon will find it a thoroughly enjoyable experience. In general it may be said that the public very easily understands and fully comprehends the subjects represented in a photographic exhibit. The camera affords the simplest means of self-expression or recognition of beauty in nature and art. Painting is different because it demands creation from the outset. Nonetheless, all that part of art that makes the painter worthy—the feeling and emotion—is likewise waiting for expression by the photographer who, though he must renounce the painter's glory of origination, may yet feel the glow of satisfaction that self-expression evokes.



ENOJO BY FELIPE MAIARU

FOUNDER'S DAY EXHIBITION, 1946

THE Founder's Day Exhibition this fall will be an invited American exhibition, "Painting in the United States, 1946," the fourth in the series of surveys of contemporary painting. It will open on Founder's Day, October 10, and continue through December 8.

In plan and organization, the coming exhibition will resemble its predecessors. Three hundred pictures will be invited, each by a different artist, each completed within the last five years and not previously shown in Pittsburgh. Homer Saint-Gaudens, Director of Fine Arts, plans to visit every artist in so far as it is possible to do so and select his painting for the exhibition. All paintings will be eligible for prizes, except those by members of the jury of award and those of prize-winners in previous "Painting in the United States" exhibitions which will be eligible only for awards of higher rank.

This year the jury, composed of three artists, will meet on September 20. The prizes offered by Carnegie Institute total \$3,400, of which \$3,200 will be divided among seven awards to be voted

by the jury, and the remaining \$200 will be a Popular Prize. The jury prizes are: First, \$1,000; Second, \$700; Third, \$500; First, Second, Third, and Fourth Honorable Mention respectively \$400, \$300, \$200, and \$100.

With few other exceptions save those of the years of World War I, the Founder's Day Exhibitions from 1896 through 1939 were the Carnegie Internationals, but World War II again interrupted that series. Since then the Founder's Day shows have been devoted to national painting: in 1940, a Survey of American Painting; in 1941, Directions in American Painting, an all-jury show; in 1942 the American Rooms in Miniature by Mrs. James Ward Thorne; and in 1943, 1944, and 1945 "Painting in the United States."

Clubs and groups wishing to visit the exhibition may make arrangements by writing to the Director of Educational Work of the Department of Fine Arts, Miss Margaret M. Lee, or by telephoning Mayflower 7300. A conducted tour of the exhibition will be arranged without charge.

A LIBRARY OF ENTOMOLOGY IS GIVEN

BY ANDREY AVINOFF

Director Emeritus, Carnegie Museum



A BIBLIOPHILE is irrepressible and apparently incorrigible, especially if he turns out to be an entomological bookworm. It takes even more than a revolution and the destruction of his homestead to cure him of his

absorbing propensity. At least, when I lost my whole entomological library in Russia and came to this country with one single volume on insects in my suitcase, I felt compelled to start all over again.

And now I have the keen pleasure and true privilege of asking the Carnegie Museum to accept as a gift my complete collection of entomological books and separata containing about 4,275 titles. I must confess that my sense of sincere satisfaction is not devoid of a touch of pride and even glee, caused by my awareness that there are so many gaps I am able to fill in the library of an institution which enjoyed so long the administrative care of such an outstanding lepidopterist as the late William J. Holland and which later came into the possession of his whole scientific library.

Perhaps I owe the Museum a brief account of my preoccupation as a book collector. It developed naturally with my endeavor to cover the Palaearctic fauna in my former collection of butterflies, now owned by the Academy of Sciences in Soviet Russia. By the time of the Russian revolution my library on lepidopterology contained well over 7,000 titles, although I have not preserved any exact figures and the list was

lost together with the library, which perished when our country house in the district of Poltava was burned during the furious uprisings in 1919.

When I was leaving Russia in the fall of 1917 and made for the last time the rounds of our old country house, I was wondering what I should take with me, although I had but a dim intuition that old Russia was to disappear forever and that I was going to the New World for good. With the disrupted traveling facilities of this time, which is a mild way to refer to a state of appalling confusion, I could not consign any luggage and had to depend on what I could carry in my own hands. Hübner's monumental work with its beautifully engraved plates was a tempting item but far too heavy to take on a hazardous trans-Siberian journey. Besides, I did not have the spirit to take just a few random volumes of a celebrated set—I would never have reconciled myself to their incompleteness. So I compromised and, I still believe wisely, tucked into my suitcase only one volume, the original one hundred plates by the famous American lepidopterist of the late eighteenth century, John Abbot. The author of the *Lepidoptera of Georgia* apparently had been contemplating a new work which he never published, but he had completed in England a series of water colors of insects painted mostly from the Drury collection, unexcelled in accuracy and beauty of delineation. This unique volume had been acquired through an agent at an auction sale in London, and I hate to confess even to myself the price I paid. Thus, this volume was the one carried over as a nucleus for a new library and, to be sure, it could not be eclipsed by any other I could ever acquire.

Furthermore, and this was lucky,

in 1916 a few boxes of entomological literature had been crated for shipment to Russia when I left the United States after my first visit here. In the turmoil of the subsequent revolution I had no definite knowledge as to what actually happened to this consignment and when I came again to this country I considered it lost with the rest of my possessions. To my great and most pleasant surprise, the boxes had never left this country

and a few years ago were located in New York; thus some of my pre-revolutionary belongings came into my hands, escaping the fate of my books burned on the country estate or the collections confiscated—"nationalized"—by the Soviet authorities. This salvaged portion of my library consisted of a systematic collection of some 3,800 reprints of works on Lepidoptera, many of them autographed, that had been assembled by a celebrated German entomologist, Dr.

August Weismann, during his lifetime and acquired by me from his widow.

This residue gave me the incentive to persevere in the gradual addition of separata that have been offered for sale in this country and abroad. A fair portion of my commissions for painting, which constituted the source of my subsistence before I joined the Carnegie Museum, were invested in entomological works. In this fashion I accumulated the main bulk of the standard lepidopterological literature, with the exception of the most precious items I owned in the past, since I was certainly in no way in a position, as a bibliophile, to compete with my former self. Throughout this period, including the

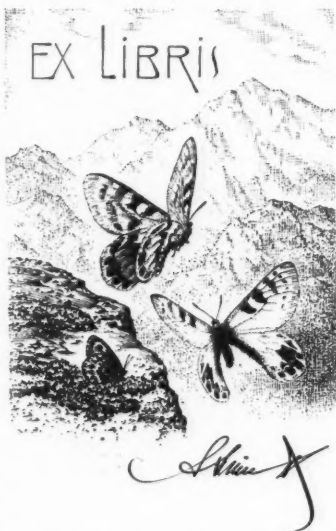
twenty-one years of my association with the Carnegie Museum, the library was enriched by various happy acquisitions.

To be sure, there were occasional frustrations but nevertheless there were many compensations. One of the most touching and most appreciated, perhaps, as a mark of lasting friendship, was the set of the prized and sumptuous volumes issued by Charles Oberthür of

the past generation of classical writers on butterflies and moths, the late Nestor of French entomologists. With all the modern technical improvements in color reproduction, Oberthür adhered steadfastly to the traditional engraved plates illuminated by hand in water color. In such a laborious procedure not many copies of a set could be issued, but the author never failed with his characteristic liberality to send presentation copies to his friends. While I lost in Russia all

the earlier issues of the forty-odd volumes from his prolific pen, since my return to America, Oberthür has supplied me most generously with the balance of the sets.

Striving to follow European sales, I was able to procure for myself publications which scarcely ever appeared on price lists in any country. To such items belong Sepp and Ernst, two voluminous works with hundreds of colored plates. The plates of Sepp are produced in full colors in one printing, by the tedious and elaborate process of tinting appropriately the engraved metal plates for each impression. Practically, it calls for an original color sketch on the matrix each time a copy of the plate is



printed on paper. A subsequent re-touching by hand completes the effect of exquisite beauty. Substantially, it was the customary procedure for the best colored engravings used in England and France at the close of the eighteenth century. The other work, the volume of text and plates by Ernst, is executed in the manner of highly artistic water colors, using barely the outline suggested in engraving. The individuality and sparkling vividness of these two types of plates rank them among the finest examples of the scientific works of that period. A student of art should not neglect the early entomological treatises, for he may feast his eye over many a happy union of science and art without necessarily joining the guild of conscripted entomologists.

I shall not tire the reader, free from entomological inhibitions, by a detailed enumeration of the major items of this library. I may say that it contains natural history books bearing on entomology from as early as the sixteenth century. An interesting seventeenth-century Latin volume entitled, in Latin, "*Theater of Insects, Otherwise Small Animals*" is quite curious from a typographical angle, as it was printed in the same establishment that issued the Shakespearean Folio of 1623 and bears the same celebrated device of a beehive. Since not long ago I gave my two entomological collections to the Carnegie Museum, one containing Jamaican material and the other devoted chiefly to Central Asia, it is only logical that I should present my entomological library to the institution I was privileged to serve during all these years of association. I retain only those that are duplicated in the Carnegie Museum, after they have been most thoroughly catalogued by our indefatigable and lately retired librarian, Maud J. Gittings. As I mentioned, it did surprise me very pleasantly that so many items were actual additions, these falling chiefly in the category of earlier works or editions of special rarity; of works there are more than two hundred. Numeri-

cally the most extensive portion of the collection is the assemblage of reprints, numbering over 4,000, which were meticulously put into order through the willing care of Mary Sumner. I am indebted to the constant attention of Eugenia McCalla for her help in checking my acquisitions and in keeping my accumulating books in good shape, a task by no means easy with my innate genius for disorder.

Every private library is a human adventure at large—"habent sua fata libella"—and in its own turn is woven out of innumerable instances of good fortune, persistent search, and personal friendships. I trust it will not be considered presumptuous that I strived to portray on the ex libris designed for this part of my library a vista of my beloved Pamir with a representation of my two favorite genera: *Karanasa*, which is illustrated in the materials of the Carnegie Museum by the most complete series in the world and which I am monographing at the present time; and *Parnassius*, the princely tribe of alpine regions. Over a cliff on the "Roof of the World" is hovering the regal pair of *Parnassius autocrator*—the name I gave to this striking lepidopterological novelty, described just on the eve of the downfall of Imperial Russia. The bearer of this fatal name, which then seemed to me an appropriate designation for a member of the *imperator princeps* groups, is represented in the unique type in my old collection in Russia and is not a mere phantom of the past. The three fine specimens I acquired subsequently for a fancy price from an enterprising hunter of butterflies in Afghanistan, adjacent to the native haunts of the original solitary *autocrator*, adorn at present the Palaeartic collections of the Carnegie Museum. Thus the theme of this bookplate is not altogether alien to home grounds, speaking in terms of our institution, and ties up together the library and the collection, both of which were formerly in my possession.

My hope and wish is that the stu-

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CONVENTIONS

dents of entomology who would chance to peruse these books will not merely seek information, but will also experience vicariously some of the enjoyment which is always derived from direct association with a fervent and selfless endeavor. And surely so many masterpieces of scientific entomological literature are shining examples of a devotion that continues to be a source of inspiration to present and future workers in the same field and occasionally offers a hopelessly unattainable ideal of matchless elegance, artistry, and consecration.

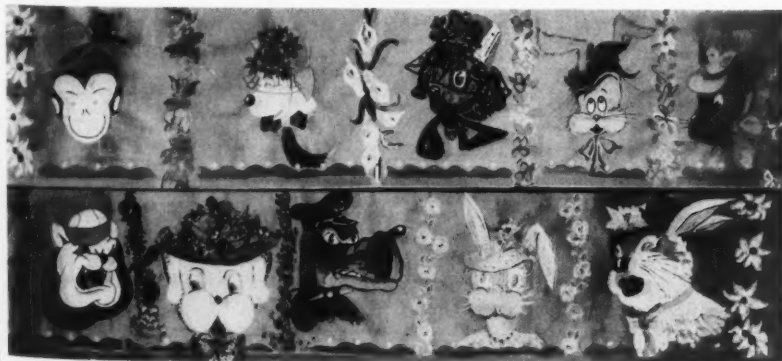
JUDGE SOFFEL'S GIFT

TWENTY-FOUR Walt Disney paintings on celluloid have been presented to the Boys and Girls Room of the Carnegie Library by the Honorable Sara M. Soffel. Six are original paintings from the motion picture *Fantasia*, and six from *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*; four are from *Dumbo*, the *Circus Elephant*, and the remainder are scenes from *Bambi*, *Pinocchio*, *Society Dog Show*, and *The Ugly Duckling*. They are on display in the foyer of the Carnegie Library and later will be shown at the branch libraries. The boys and girls are casting votes for their favorite among the scenes on display.

THE American Society of Ichthyologists and Herpetologists, the only organization of its kind in the world, will hold its twenty-sixth annual meeting on April 16-18 in the Carnegie Museum. Karl P. Schmidt, chief curator of zoology at the Chicago Natural History Museum is president of the "Ichs and Herps" and M. Graham Netting and Arthur W. Henn have been respectively secretary and treasurer for the past fifteen years. Among those attending will be John R. Dymond, director of the Royal Ontario Museum of Zoology; Carl L. Hubbs, of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography at La Jolla, California; and Charles M. Bogert of the American Museum of Natural History, New York City. Nearly two hundred scientists are expected to attend.

The American Society of Mammalogists will also hold its annual meeting in the Museum from April 18-20. J. Kenneth Douth heads the convention committee and Lawrence C. Woods, Jr., is in charge of entertainment. E. Raymond Hall, of the University of Kansas, is president, and among those attending will be Cleveland Grant; Harold J. Coolidge, of the Coolidge Foundation; and Ernest P. Walker, of the National Zoological Park at Washington.

SPRINGTIME MILLINERY MODELS



PAINTED BY CHILDREN IN THE SATURDAY MORNING PALETTE CLASS

JOHN TAYLOR ARMS, MEDIEVALIST

By VIRGINIA LEWIS

Department of Fine Arts, University of Pittsburgh



THE exhibition of prints by John Taylor Arms now on view in the balcony of the Hall of Sculpture is an excellent survey of the work of one of the most important persons in the field of prints in America. These

ninety-two prints selected by Mr. Arms from more than four hundred plates etched in the last thirty years show the artist to be versatile in his interests and accomplished in technical execution. For the most part, the prints depict the picturesqueness of the middle ages which delights the tourist, and reveal an archeological interest in monuments significant to the historian of medieval architecture. They show, too, an artist's concern with composition, a pleasing relationship of values, a sensitive handling of the expressive line, and the craftsmanship of technical perfection.

As a personality, Mr. Arms also commands attention. He has encouraged in many ways with unlimited enthusiasm the art of printmaking in this country. His keen interest in the graphic arts has prompted him to give lectures, arrange exhibitions, serve on juries, and write books. With it all he continues to create in his chosen field. He studied architecture at Princeton

University and at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he was graduated in 1911. Five years were then devoted to the practice of architecture. Some of his earliest etchings were made at that time. During the first World War he went into service with the Navy and began a series of ship prints which he has continued today with the *Destroyers in Wet Basin at Federal Shipbuilding and Drydock Company, South Kearny, N. J.*—1943, and the *U.S.S. Columbia*—1945, both included in this exhibition. After World War I, he gave up the practice of architecture and directed all his energy to the making of etchings.

The virtuosity of technique which he displays is almost incredible. Early in his career he attained complete mastery

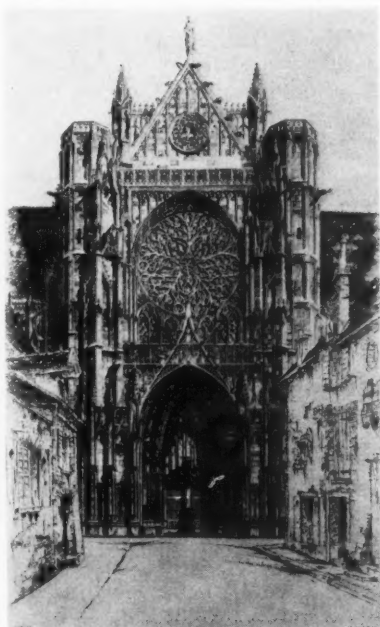


PALAZZO DELL'ANGELO
Etching (1931)

of the possibilities and limitations of his medium. His etched line recalls the refined engravinglike manner of Jacques Callot in the seventeenth century, its delicate nature belying its virility of character. It is brilliant and sharply defined, sometimes too calculating, almost brittle, as in the banks of the river in *Limoges* or in the plot of grass in *Gothic, A.D.*, 1941. His miniature plates remind one of the line engravings of the German Little Masters and are examples of a skill acquired only by the perfectionist. In these and many of his larger plates, such as the *Mirror of Venice*, *Reflections at Finchfield*, *Battle Wagon*, he experiences and conveys to the spectator the joys of exploring to the utmost the technique of etching. He is not limited to minuteness of line, but shows equal facility in a tonal portrayal of texture, a sympathy for the varying surfaces and quality of the stones of his buildings.

As a trained and practicing architect he delights in the architectural print. It is not strange that one so steeped in the tradition of the history of the print should have absorbed something of its great masters. As one looks at the exhibition, many names come fleetingly to mind—Hirschvogel, Meryon, Whistler, Canaletto, Muirhead Bone, Isabey. *Sunlight and Shadow*, the earliest print shown here, is reminiscent of Whistler in its sketchy impressionism. Nor can one help thinking of the drypoints of Meryon in *From the Ponte Vecchio* or *Le Penseur de Notre Dame*. Indeed reflections, to a degree, of the work of many of these men may occasionally be seen, but their influence has been subordinated to allow the appealing individuality of Mr. Arms to prevail.

It is generally said that his greatest interest lies in the interpretative recording of the Gothic. Possibly his prints are an expression in the medium of graphic arts of the Gothic revival which seems to dominate twentieth-century church architecture through the impetus of men like Ralph Adams Cram



GOTHIC GLORY, SENS CATHEDRAL
Etching (1929)

and books such as Henry Adams' *Mont St. Michel and Chartres*. Certainly his prints of the thirteenth-century cathedrals, *Notre Dame de Paris*, *Amiens*, *Chartres*, which the artist obviously loves, are full of charm and reflect his appreciation not only of their beauty but also of the medieval towns over which they preside. He does not often personalize with figures of people but depicts man rather as he has expressed himself in building. He shows a romantic interest in the quaintness of the narrow, crooked, and crowded European street, in the *Rue Sauton, Paris*, for example, or *La Mangia, Siena*. One looks with wonder at *Lace in Stone, Rouen*, and revels in his special enjoyment of the flamboyant Gothic. The more intimate Gothic spirit revealed in the gargoyles and chimera of *Notre Dame* or of the cathedral of *St. Cyr and Ste. Julitta at Nevers* has also appealed to him. *Le Penseur de Notre Dame* and *A Chimera*,

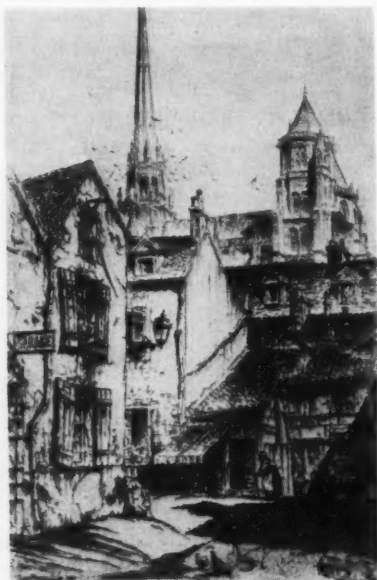
Rheims are enigmatical and forbidding. *The Gothic Spirit* reveals humor in the Gothic sculptor as he fashioned these strange and noncommittal figures craning their necks to look out over the city. The realism of his drawing in the portrayal of an age so distant from us helps to characterize its spirit all the more vividly. Here, as in many of his prints, every stroke of the sculptor and every mark of the weather is shown.

An interesting comparison of the medieval Gothic with the contemporary style may be observed in *Gothic A.D., 1941*. This print is without the warmth of feeling which is usual in the artist's portrayal of the Gothic church, perhaps because the design of the middle ages is not compatible with our mass production, and the spirit of the medieval stone mason has been lost. That quality of the thirteenth- and fourteenth-century Gothic which Mr. Arms has so completely absorbed in his own thinking was not here for him to interpret, but with his usual sensitivity

he has emphasized the machine-cut stone and the rigidity of straight lines as opposed to the varying irregularities of medieval Gothic. Certainly there is something rather formidable and aloof about this building as compared with the Cathedral of Sens, for example, or even the heavy facade of the Church of Brou at Bourg-en-Bresse. His meticulous drawing and precision of stroke is shown to great advantage in the print of this church.

As an exponent of the Romantic movement his interest naturally turns to the picturesque, whether it be in the flamboyant Gothic or the filigree of Italian workmanship. In his Italian series, begun about 1930, he has expressed not only the intricate details of architecture, but also the fascination of Venice and the mystery of that Byzantine city. One cannot help sensing the spirit of decadence of a one-time luxurious existence and the damp, almost unhealthy melancholy which his minutely drawn and elegant façades of the old palaces try to keep out of sight. Details of the architecture, shadows formed by the buildings close to the water, the sun finding its way through an arch of a bridge or a pointed doorway offer the artist opportunities to exercise his technical and esthetic genius in the complexities of the delicate silhouette and the possibilities of pattern. These Italian scenes, of which the *Palazzo dell' Angelo* is an excellent example, are characterized by a realism of drawing as contrasted with the more impressionistic interpretations of Whistler, but they have lost none of their romantic mood. Canaletto or Guardi come to mind in such prints as *La Bella Venezia*, where the skyline of Venice reveals impressively its ducal palace and the campanile of St. Mark's.

He is as much interested in the inherent strength of the Romanesque as he is in the minuteness of the Gothic. One of the most handsome prints in the exhibition is *La Collegiata, Toro*, etched with the precision of a Bach invention, at the same time effectively recording



ST. BÉNIGNE, DIJON
Etching (1927)



LIGHT AND SHADE, TAXCO
Etching (1945)

the strength and solidity of the twelfth-century Spanish Romanesque. *St. Benigne, Dijon*, is of special interest to the historian of medieval architecture. For the nostalgic print enthusiast the artist has emphasized, by an ingenious handling of values, a quaint street scene contrasted to the dignity of the church so delicately etched in the background.

Other varieties of the picturesque are found in the baroque architecture of Mexico. The searching for this quality, which permeates so much of Mr. Arms' work, has attracted many visitors to Mexico in recent years. One of the most delightful of Mexican towns is the old silver-mining center of Taxco. Less interested in baroque ornament than in the linear qualities of the Gothic, he has presented in *Light and Shade, Taxco* a panoramic view. Nor has he overlooked the charm of the English parish church with its accompanying intimacy of landscape in such prints as *Lavenham* or *Afterglow*. Indeed, looking at these etchings is like taking a sophisticated

"grand tour" with excursions to many of the lesser-known haunts and with the advantages of an interpreter who speaks with the authority of a scholar and the sensitivity of an artist.

The exhibit continues in the Fine Arts galleries until April 14.

4 3 TREASURE CHEST 2 2

The Beatty Memorial, a relief in Rose Burgundy stone by Paul Manship, is one of the prized possessions of the Department of Fine Arts at the Carnegie Institute. In the relief the Muse of Inspiration is represented as a woman with a lyre reclining on a cloud, moving through space preceded by a small Pegasus. Unveiled in 1927, the tablet is a memorial to John Wesley Beatty, the first Director of Fine Arts, who served from 1896 until 1922.

The relief is classified under "Sculpture in Marble" in the acquisitions records of the Department, but it seems an intrinsic part of the architecture, its mellow color blending with the Hauteville marble of the great staircase leading to the Department of Fine Arts.

Other Paul Manship work owned by the Carnegie Institute includes two bronze figures, *Actaeon* and *Diana*, which stand in the balcony of the Hall of Sculpture.

THE T. A. MELLON-CARNEGIE MUSEUM ALBERTA EXPEDITION

By ARTHUR C. TWOMEY

Curator of Ornithology, Carnegie Museum

MUCH has been written of the various expeditions undertaken by the Carnegie Museum. My own accounts have related some of the highlights of these trips. In an endeavour to paint word pictures of our most exciting moments we have sometimes glossed the surface, so to speak, omitting the less pleasant details. Likewise we have conveyed, through colored motion pictures, bright days filled with sparkling sunlight, breath-takingly beautiful vistas, joyous occasions in lands of quiet and solitude. These were, indeed, model trips to armchair explorers and dreamers; they should suit the fancy of the most exacting individual.

Heretofore we have never explained the grimmer aspects, the extensive planning that sometimes takes two or three years in advance of the trip; nor have we told of the well-laid plans that have gone awry because of unpredictable weather or simply because a field situation has forced an abrupt change; we have not told of the long hours of painstaking work involved in preparing our specimens after our day in the field is done: in short, we have never bothered to point out that these trips are not picnics—even though the omission of the darker side leaves only the glistening lighter side.

Some appreciation of the darker side



Dr. Twomey at work in camp.

of field work can be gained from a consideration of the qualities and duties of a fieldman. It is generally recognized that a true fieldman is born and bred to his work; he is not turned off an assembly line. He must have initiative and resourcefulness. He must be able to proceed with his project under the most adverse circumstances. He must be able to endure frigid arctic or alpine blasts, deep snows, blizzards, days and weeks of

rain and fog; ever-present myriads of mosquitoes and black flies; or the dank heat of the disease-ridden tropics; or the crackling, dry, thirst-inducing heat of the desert. He must be uncomplaining, cheerful, willing and co-operative, with boundless enthusiasm and energy for his work. And this attitude must endure the test of time—it must survive the shocking realization that honest-to-goodness hard work has displaced the romance, the adventure, the pioneer spirit, and the exploring ambition of the first month in the field.

A good fieldman learns to endure six or maybe eight months of humdrum camp life; he knows the storybook picture is not true and permits his original dreams to fade into oblivion without a struggle. This rare brand of humanity develops a great love for his work and eternally strives for specific goals, however difficult of achievement they may seem. His main objective is the advance-

ment of man's overall knowledge of the universe. He knows that each of his accomplishments contributes to man's knowledge and helps to point the way to achievements of the future.

The Section of Ornithology of Carnegie Museum has had, and still maintains, a well-laid plan for the continuation of its rapidly growing scientific collection. This plan, which is now being systematically carried out in North America, is rapidly making the Section's collection one of the more valuable research collections in the United States. Already our arctic and sub-arctic research has brought to the Carnegie Museum the finest American arctic bird series in the world; yet we have just skimmed the surface.

During the 1945 expedition, made possible by the generous contribution and friendly interest of Mr. T. A. Mellon, the Section of Ornithology added a



Our party: Ray Graham, cook; Ed Moberly, guide; Dr. Twomey; Mr. T. A. Mellon; Art Allen, head guide; Pat Smith, wrangler. Rolly Hawkins, assistant to Dr. Twomey, photographed the group.

valuable collection of western birds to its already large and growing geographical series of North American material. The expedition also yielded substantial collections for the sections of Mammalogy and Entomology as well as minor additions to the sections of Herpetology and Botany. This field study was carried out in a little-known area of Alberta, Canada, one hundred miles north and west of the north boundary of Jasper Park, between Kvass Pass and the headwaters of the north fork of Sheep Creek.

We found Alberta fresh, newly washed by the rains of May; the air was invigorating, and there was an awareness about it all, a feeling of "welcome home, traveler." Thronging memories of my childhood in Alberta surged before me as we sped along, for on this day the roadside sloughs were again filled with paired



Kvass Summit, a giant cirque in the side of the mountain.

ducks. On one small slough a pair of green-winged teal scudded about the center of the pond, the male flashing his gay plumage as he pursued an apparently elusive female. Not far distant, the prize of them all was a male ruddy duck in full nuptial display. The female coasted over the mirrored surface of the pond and vanished into the dense growth of rushes and weeds. The little male in his bright, rusty plumage, powder-blue bill, and stubby tail held at an obtuse angle, cruised after her, but came up short before the wall of reeds. Abruptly he turned around and started to swim back and forth in front of the reeds, pulling his bill in until it touched his breast and then throwing out his chest as he bobbed his head up and down rapidly, at the same time emitting a clattering sound that had the quality of blowing bubbles under water. The drab little female was not unmindful of this amorous explosion, for at intervals one could make out the uncertain outline of a little duck moving

ever so slowly just behind the curtain of rushes. Undisturbed by this commotion, a horned grebe incubated her set of eggs quietly on a floating, reedy platform a few feet away. The male grebe with his straw-colored ear tufts, dull reddish neck, and white breast suddenly submerged under a floating mat of weeds only to reappear with just his head above water. And the female grebe crouched low over her dull white eggs, for a marsh hawk was flying overhead, hunting for mice at the edge of the pond. From their flat nests along the fringe of the reed beds, black terns began to fly nervously about, shrilly calling and swooping down to frighten away this intruder of their domain.

We drove on and passed innumerable sloughs along the prairie roadside; each seemed to have even more ducks in it than the last. It was good to know that my old friends were again coming into their own, a successful fight for survival against man and climate. It had not been many years previous that the draining of the lakes and large sloughs and a subsequent severe drought had nearly destroyed their ancient breeding grounds.

The Alberta wheat farms were still being plowed in many places, and Franklin gulls avidly pursued the rich black furrows in a flickering white cloud, alighting and moving forward like a rolling ball, gobbling up the freshly exposed grubs. The farmers paid little attention to their visitors. Perhaps they were thankful for the "sky chicks" who so faithfully returned each year to help destroy the killers of the young wheat. These farmers probably never paused to wonder where their feathered benefactors go when Alberta slips into the icy grip of her forty-below winters; they surely must have heard the wild spring laughter of these Franklin gulls returning to their prairie homes. Yet, I doubt if the farmers knew that only thirty miles away lived an immense gull colony, estimated at not less than one hundred thousand pairs of these birds, blanketing a marsh two



Snake Indian Falls, a three-hundred-foot cataract.

miles wide and six miles long. And all day long these birds stream out in every direction over a wide circle, fifty miles or more in diameter, to do their economic bit for the farmers.

Eighteen years ago, when this colony was not so large, Frank Farley, my ornithological friend and mentor, and I banded over three thousand young birds. We had high hopes that at last we had found a practical means of determining the migration route of the Franklin gull. Finally, after four years, we received word from the Biological Survey in Washington to the effect that there was one return. A missionary in the upper Amazon Basin had seen a native wearing the aluminum band as an ornament and had secured it. The native had worn the band for a year and the missionary carried it two years before it was finally sent on its way to Washington for identification. There has never been another return on those three thousand gulls. But at least we know that some of the Alberta birds do reach the upper Amazon valley in winter, others have been reported at that time of year all the way from the Gulf Coast of Louisiana and Texas to Peru, Patagonia, and Chile.

After making a geographical series of specimens from central Alberta, we proceeded with our main objective, which was to study and collect bird life in an area northwest of Jasper Park which, ornithologically speaking, was untouched.

One always has mingled feelings of joy and a simple twinge of relief when the main part of an expedition is really under way. Our food and equipment were transferred to pack horses and our starting point at Devona, Alberta, soon vanished as we began the tortuous climb up the Snake Indian Valley. The



Dolly Varden trout, caught at the North Fork of Sheep Creek. The small fish are only twelve inches long.

air was fresh, invigorating; the sky bluer than I had ever seen it. Art, the guide, rode ahead; I was directly behind. A string of eighteen pack horses followed and then came Ray, the cook; Rolly, my student assistant; and Pat, the wrangler, with his little white chow, Teddy, trailed at the rear of the line.

As we rode along I felt the overpowering grandeur of the mountains. But it was little things, sometimes unnoticed, that impressed me most: the rare beauty of the alpine meadows in July, when the great fields of daisylike fleabane, purplemonk's hood, and tall larkspur were sweet with the scent of wild rose; the white starlike blossoms of the grass of Parnassus and clusters of delicate forget-me-nots on a high mountain peak; or the dwarf parnel carpeting the mossy sponge of the shadow-patterned forest floor. It was the fun of seeing an old porcupine amble across our trail only to become frightened and run into a clump of dense shrubs, a spiny back guarding his retreat.

Maybe it was the sharp bleating cry of the tiny rock rabbit or cony high on a wind-swept rockslide, where he busied himself curing his store of win-



Surly Rocky Mountain Bighorn rams at their noonday siesta.

ter grasses and mosses in the sun. Possibly it was the bark of the great horned owl at evening or the deep bass voice of a timber wolf that echoed across the valley at midnight; or the glimpse of a great bull moose, a deer, a caribou, a spruce grouse, a Canada jay, a flock of pine siskins, or a ruffed grouse and her young in the clear still crispness of dawn. As we progressed deeper and deeper into the mountains, I found that these little experiences helped me to evaluate the over-all picture of the intricate balance of nature—the birds, mammals, insects, Amphibia, and plants—each living in varied communities as interdependent organisms. Our toil, the long miles we tramped, the rain, the snow, the cold, all became trivialities, for we could see the enveloping whole, and we pushed ahead with renewed vigor.

Summer soon slipped by as we made a wide circle through the high country of the Berland, over Rocky Pass, Kvass Summit and on to the Smoky Valley. Fall caught us at the Smoky

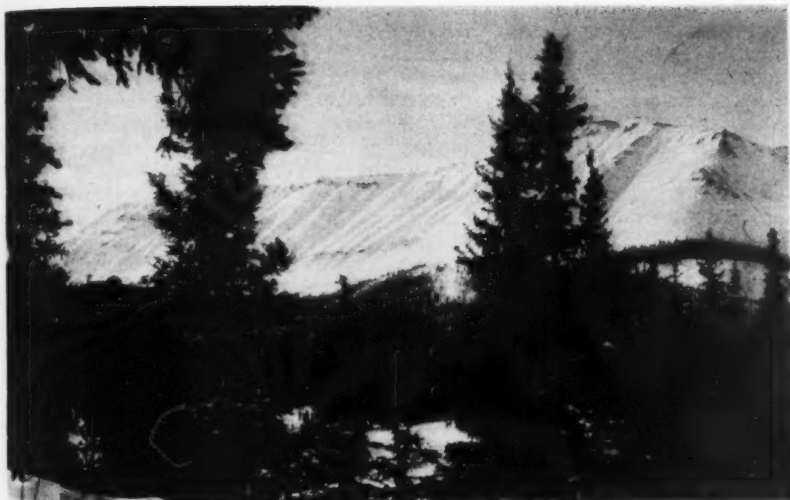
berries ripened and attracted the attention of the grizzly and black bears; the cranberry, crowberry, honeysuckle, and huckleberry provided an abundance of food to the great mass of migrating birds—the robins, horned larks, rosy finches, Bohemian waxwings, cedar waxwings, hermit thrushes, and many others that were beginning to stream through the mountain passes. The high mountain slopes had taken on a splash of gaudy color that rivaled earlier floral displays. The leaves of the Alpine willows had turned a brilliant yellow, the



Drying out our large mammal specimens in camp at Mile 52, after a week of heavy snow travel.

Crossing, and it was here that Mr. T. A. Mellon of Pittsburgh met us and continued with the party to the headwaters of Sheep Creek, the ultimate goal of our season's collecting activities. Autumn descended as the first frosts barely touched the leaves on the high alpine meadows in late August. As September progressed the soap-

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Winter came to the high country by the middle of September.

recumbent bearberry leaves were scarlet, while the huckleberry plants had become deep purple.

The white-tailed ptarmigan began to show the first change in their immaculate winter feathers which had fast become stained over the throat and breast from the luscious juice of the mountain cranberry. The Rocky Mountain bighorn sheep were sleek and fat. The surly males were still in a retiring mood and held council on their lonely crags, disdainful of the more friendly ewes and lambs. The Rocky Mountain goats remained in lofty seclusion on their inaccessible and perpendicular cliffs, like so many dots of glistening white snow. Once we watched eighty-five nannies and kids resting on the precarious slope of a basin rim at mid-day. Gradually they began to move down to the valley, slowly at first, and then, as if out of sheer joy of living, they fairly raced to the cool, refreshing creek, two thousand feet below.

Then one evening the big snow came—a chilling rain at first, then sleet and wind, and finally the first heavy blizzard. Unabated, the storm lasted three days, until the swirling snow was waist

deep in the valleys and clung to the great spruce trees in a heavy mantle several inches thick. The whiteness lay unbroken over the rugged landscape in the stillness of an Arctic winter.

During the last day of the storm, great numbers of migrating birds caught in its icy grip began to appear. The first was a hermit thrush that came to the warmth of the cook tent, devoid of fear, driven by starvation and cold to our shelter. To the more delicate insect-eaters such as this hermit thrush, the varied thrush, and the warblers, the storm meant complete disaster. In the forests and valleys near camp we found their emaciated bodies—some still alive but so weak from hunger and cold that we could pick them up from the branches of the trees and shrubs. Others of the feathered tribe came to our camp, but they were unaffected by the cold and snow. These were the winter residents of the mountains—the Hudsonian chickadees, black-capped chickadees, spruce grouse, blue grouse, willow ptarmigan, and the pine grosbeak.

The whole forest soon became alive with silent life, so apparent on the freshly fallen snow. Fox and coyote

tracks crisscrossed everywhere, showing their meandering trails as they searched for half-frozen birds, mice, squirrels, and whatever would sustain them. During the night a continuous parade of the larger mammals had passed within two hundred yards of our camp. Moose, deer, caribou, grizzly bear, wolverine, timber wolves had all moved down from the upper mountain.

The upper forests were laden with snow and great loads of it hung over the trail, balanced so delicately that even the slightest touch as we rode under resulted in an avalanche of the white wet stuff down our necks and over the saddle until we were thoroughly soaked. We realized that our horses could not stand working all day and pawing for food all night, and so our trip out became hurried. After two days we broke out of the snow to the sheltered Smoky Valley, a green oasis hemmed in on all sides by white, lofty mountains. The horses could see and smell the fresh feed and quickened their weary paces. Even our saddle horses were getting weak, and so we walked almost as much as we rode.

Along the Smoky, the aspens were just beginning to turn, and the migrating birds were still waiting for a warm break to start over the passes to the west and south. The big game mammals had made their descent ahead of us. Fresh grizzly bear tracks were conspicuous, moose were plentiful, bands of mountain sheep were on the low hills west of camp, and the valley was teeming with activity. I could not help but wonder whether a break in the weather would come soon enough for the thousands of migrating birds to "make the grade" or whether they would be caught in a fresh storm and perish as winter rolled down the mountain.

Snow reached almost to the horses' chests as we crossed Kvass Pass. The next Pass was worse, and Big Grave Flats was no better, but we kept on; disaster lay ahead unless the horses could get out as soon as possible. Already they had scalded backs and some

showed ugly sores that went deep into the flesh.

The last day out was clear and bright with less snow as we moved toward Jasper. At one point, where we were closed in on each side by high granite mountains, their lower slopes a dense mat of giant spruce trees, the silence was shattered by the deep bass howl of a big timber wolf. This happened at mid-morning, and for the next two hours the wolf howled every two or three minutes, until the hollow, spine-tingling call seemed to overpower all other sounds. Far across the valley, six or eight hundred yards away, a great bull moose, disturbed from his diurnal slumbers, began a noisy retreat up through the mountain forest, looking back over his shoulder once in a while to make sure he was not being followed. Soon the hunting cry changed a little in pitch as a second wolf answered from far down the valley. In less than a half hour we could detect at least three added voices. The pack was gathering. That night there would be a kill; uneasy would be the giant moose, the caribou, and the deer who heard that howl. Winter was here, and again that accelerated struggle to survive would come to all life in the high country.

Future ornithological expeditions will be made into the western arctic, following up our Mackenzie Delta expedition of 1942 and expanding along the little-known arctic coasts and islands east and west of the Mackenzie. This paper does not permit extensive elaboration of the Section's activities or plans, but in the interests of the Museum and its future outlook, I should like to say that expert scientific research, exhibitions, and the ultimate education of adult and child are so closely connected and interwoven that one can hardly function without the other, either directly or indirectly. These are co-ordinated programs within the Museum that bring to the public the assimilated knowledge of the scientist in a graphic, artistic, and comprehensible form.



THE GARDEN OF GOLD



OUR faithful, self-effacing friend Anonymous was the heavy contributor to the 1946 Carnegie Tech Endowment Fund in February, gifts from that source amounting to \$13,787.76. This includes four contributions of \$6,250, \$3,750, \$2,500, and \$200 respectively, which are to be earmarked later; also \$400 and \$187.76 given by two donors for the Chemistry Department Research Fund; and \$500 for the General Endowment Fund.

Other large gifts during the month include \$1,000 for the Class of 1917 Engineering Scholarship Fund, from class member Arthur W. Einstein; also \$500 from Charles C. Leeds, Professor

Emeritus, for the Management Engineering Research Fund.

Contributions of less than \$100 received from alumni and friends during February amount to \$1,951.84 designated for various established Funds.

February contributions for the Carnegie Tech Endowment Fund amounting to \$17,239.60 bring the total as of February 28 to upwards of \$3,850,000. The all-important date of June 30, 1946 draws nearer, when the Carnegie Corporation of New York stands pledged to add \$8,000,000 to an amassed \$4,000,000, for a total new endowment for Carnegie Institute of Technology of \$12,000,000.

WOODLAND PATH



APRIL is here with its sunshine and showers, bursting buds and nesting birds. Spring has been marching up from the Southland at about seventeen miles a day. The tassel-like catkins of the alders along the creek

and of the big-tooth aspen along the hillside have fallen, and green leaves are unfolding here and there.

Ushered in during late March by the skunk cabbage, the snow trillium, and the alders, and accompanied by a chorus of song sparrows from the willow tops and spring peepers in the swamp, the season's pageant of wild flowers is well under way. The fruits of the red maple are getting redder. The bloodroot along the lower slope opens its white flowers toward the sky, and on a small headland, wind-swept of fallen leaves, the saxi-

frage blooms in little colonies, unscathed by the rigors of winter.

The spring beauty here and there spreads a pink mantle on the lower slopes and bottom lands, and there, where the sugar maple and beech trees grow, the yellow trout lily blooms, each flower rising from between two spotted leaves.

On the rich woodland bank the Dutchman's-breeches and the squirrel corn thrive, their white, two-spurred flowers hanging delicately upside down, presenting acrobatic problems to the bees. Farther up the path, the hepaticas grow on the trailside bank, with three-lobed leaves and white or pinkish or sky-blue flowers. At the brow of the hill, where grow the white oak and mountain laurel, the trailing arbutus blooms, at its best about mid-April. The soil where it grows is acid and sterile but the pinkish flowers are delightfully fragrant.

April's offerings along the woodland path multiply as the month moves on.

—O. E. J.

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

*A Review of the Department of Drama's
Presentation of Emlyn Williams' "Night Must Fall"*

BY AUSTIN WRIGHT

Acting Head, Department of English, Carnegie Institute of Technology



MURDER has been a popular theme in the theatre throughout the entire history of drama, and the current flood of murder stories on both stage and screen proves that our taste for the macabre is, if anything, in-

creasing. The theory has been advanced that this trend is connected in some way with the storms of violence and terror that have swept the world in recent years, but I am inclined to think that the fascination which tales of murder exert upon us springs from roots too deep to be affected by current history and that, if the times are in part responsible, it is only to the extent that they encourage a resort to escape literature in general. Even such an effect is questionable, however, for escape literature is by no means a recent phenomenon. Indeed, one might theorize that mystery and crime stories serve the same purpose today that sentimental romances about Dresden china lovers did in an earlier period. And if the current lust for violence in literature is an indictment of our age—well, a person has to toughen himself in a time when civilization hangs upon the slenderest of threads and even the kids hanker for death-ray guns instead of water pistols.

In any event, the Department of Drama clearly pleased the taste of its audiences with its February production of *Night Must Fall*, a thriller by the talented Welsh writer and actor Emlyn

Williams. The play was originally produced in London in the summer of 1935, with Mr. Williams himself in the role of Dan and May Whitty as Mrs. Bramson, and ran for over a year amid universal applause. The American run, however, though the English cast was imported for it, was much less successful, and the play closed after eight weeks. An American film version starring Robert Montgomery and featuring May Whitty was highly successful both in this country and in England.

Night Must Fall concerns a hotel page-boy, known only as Dan, who wins his way by flattery into the heart of the ill-tempered, self-pitying Mrs. Bramson, an elderly vixen who fancies herself to be an invalid much put upon by the rest of the world. Living with her in the remote cottage of Forest Corner in Essex is her impoverished niece Olivia Grayne, a mousy, subdued young woman in whom burn hidden fires. Dan has already committed one murder, that of a flashy worthless woman whose headless body is found buried in Mrs. Bramson's rubbish pit, and it soon becomes clear that he will eventually murder Mrs. Bramson too unless his villainy is exposed in time. The play is in large part a study of the mind of Dan, who in spite of his outward arrogance and assurance is a frightened and almost pitiful paranoiac, and that of Olivia, who is aware of Dan's guilt but is so fascinated that she not only does not betray him but actually shields him when discovery is imminent. The suspense depends less upon whether Dan will be caught by the police than upon whether Olivia will overcome her infatuation—if that

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is the proper term—in time to save Mrs. Bramson and, more important, herself.

Emlyn Williams, who all his life has been interested in the psychology of murder and has studied all published accounts of famous British homicide trials of the last century, conceived the idea of *Night Must Fall* while attending a hearing in the Court of Criminal Appeals on the plea of a confessed murderer. The criminal was cold, impassive, imperturbable, and Mr. Williams, striving to perceive what was going on behind the implacable mask of the man's face, decided to pry into the mind of a psychopathic killer and dramatize what he found. Psychiatrists, he says, have called Danny a borderline case, but have admitted that if they were called upon to testify in court they would have to pronounce him legally sane. Vain and impudent and self-dramatizing though he is, Dan suffers inward torment, and there is a question whether he is evil or simply mentally ill. Of course it is cold comfort to know that one is being destroyed by a sick man rather than a willful murderer.

Talbot Pearson, under whose skillful direction the Tech production of *Night Must Fall* attained a combination of smoothness and raw power that was most effective, elected to delete the opening scene in which the Lord Chief Justice in a brief monologue denies the appeal of an unnamed young man who

"stands convicted of two brutal murders in cold blood." The decision to delete this scene seems to me a wise one, calculated to enhance the interest of the play. For though Mr. Williams obviously included it to focus attention more upon the mind of the murderer and less upon the element of suspense, I think he lost more than he gained. True, the audience soon realizes the actual state of affairs with regard to the first crime, but certainly the suspense is increased if we do not know for sure that there is to be another murder—and only one.

Dan, the baby-faced killer, the skillful poser whose vanity is nevertheless so flagrant that even a stupid servant girl can see that he's "always got 'is eye on what you're thinking of 'im," was competently played in both casts. But though director and actors strove to make him convincing throughout, there were times when the situation rendered it almost impossible. Such was the scene in which Dan surprises Olivia and the others in a search of his luggage. Knowing that the head of his first victim rests in the old-fashioned hatbox on the floor and ignorant whether the box has yet been tampered with, he nevertheless keeps his nerves under perfect control and carries off the scene with hardly a sign of tension. We realize that actors must speak, as Hamlet says, "no more than is set down for them." Similar considerations still the



STUDENT ACTORS IN A SCENE FROM "NIGHT MUST FALL"

charge of overacting which might otherwise be voiced of the scene in which Dan yields to hysterical apprehension while the Inspector is searching his room, for the scene was played exactly as called for by the playwright. So also with the moment when Dan flings aside the curtains and reveals himself to a hysterical Mrs. Bramson and a terrified audience with murder in his face. The incident is melodramatic in the extreme but it thrilled the audience, and, after all, Mr. Williams is frankly writing melodrama. It is more difficult to excuse the lame pretext he uses for getting Danny out of the cottage for a few minutes just before the murder.

Olivia seems to me an incredible character unless we assume that she is a psychopathic case like Danny. Of course there is nothing to prevent Mr. Williams from making her one, but I do not believe he meant to do so. She is apparently intended to be a reasonably normal girl who has been emotionally starved and whose clear intellect is temporarily clouded by the instinctive sympathy she feels toward the criminal. But such a girl would hardly go to the extent of claiming the hatbox and carrying it and its grisly contents to her room in order to protect a murderous pipsqueak whom her real nature despises and dreads. Of course if she is deranged—but is a study of two such people worth dramatizing? Then too, the acting in this role was somewhat lethargic, especially in the second cast.

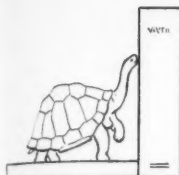
The actress who played Mrs. Bramson in the first cast perhaps over-emphasized the termagant side of the character in the early episodes, but her hysterics in the scene in which she is left alone in the night-bound cottage were superb. The second Mrs. Bramson made that scene less exciting, but she was rather more convincing in the quieter moments of the play. Mrs. Bramson, like Sheridan Whiteside in *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, spends most of the evening in an invalid chair, and Mr. Pearson showed ingenuity in maneuvering the other characters about

the central figure in such a way as to give them proper emphasis.

Of the other five characters, any one except Inspector Belsize, who represents the law, could have been omitted so far as the central theme is concerned, but with perhaps one exception they all add something to the play. One finds little necessity for the existence of Nurse Libby, but Hubert Laurie, Olivia's eligible though tiresome suitor, enables the dramatist to give further insight into the girl's character and provides an occasional laugh; Dora, the maid, is the excuse for Dan's admission to Forest Corner; and Mrs. Terence exists principally for comic relief. All three have also, however, a subtler role—that of making the cottage seem unbearably quiet and lonely when they depart in the dusk. Mrs. Terence, who has some amusing lines, was an audience favorite in both casts and deservedly so. Hubert was often very funny, though Mr. Williams has made him a little too much the stage Englishman.

The setting, designed by William Lockey, with its wide hearth, latticed windows, oaken beams, and plastered ceiling, suggested admirably the cosiness of an English cottage sitting room, and the skillful handling of lighting effects in the closing scenes enhanced their eerie quality.

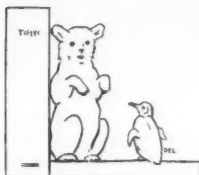
Does *Night Must Fall* deserve a high ranking among psychological thrillers? Opinions will differ, of course, but I must confess to a feeling of disappointment. The first act is soporific, and the terror throughout is too obviously synthetic, the manipulation of effects too patent, the central characters not sufficiently credible. The play is clearly superior to the author's earlier study in crime, *A Murder Has Been Arranged*, which was produced at the Pittsburgh Playhouse a few years ago; but if Mr. Williams were to stop writing at this point there is no question that his future reputation as a dramatist would rest almost entirely upon a later play of an entirely different sort, *The Corn Is Green*.



THE SCIENTIST'S BOOKSHELF

By M. GRAHAM NETTING

Curator of Herpetology, Carnegie Museum



MODERN BIRD STUDY By LUDLOW GRISCOM. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1945. 190 pp., illustrated. \$2.50. Carnegie Library call no. 598.2 G92m.



As a onetime ornithological novice who backslid into herpetology, and as a parent of a fledgling ornithologist, I admit to more interest in birds than knowledge of them. The cloying sweetness of

some bird literature wearies my palate, however, and the blind adoration of some bird-lovers, who look upon museum collectors as confessed murderers, rouses my ire. When I encounter a book about birds which is enthusiastic without being mawkish and which moves serenely between the Scylla of gunhappy sportsmen and the Charybdis of gun-shy protectionists, I hasten to commend it to my peers in ornithological knowledge—the many bird students of the Pittsburgh area.

In some circles, beginning a chapter with a definition is frowned upon, but Ludlow Griscom boldly opens his first chapter, devoted to field ornithology, by defining ornithology as "the scientific study of birds, consisting in the effort to solve problems about birds and to find out new facts about them." He proceeds to detail how times have changed in bird study since his boyhood: "Nine-tenths of the problems concerning birds which today are the subjects for research and study were not even hinted at in the textbooks of my youth." He applauds the modern emphasis upon life-history studies, but insists that collecting specimens to

establish which birds inhabit an area is an inescapable preliminary to the more advanced studies. In the eastern United States most sight records are now accepted without the acid test of collecting a specimen, but this is not yet true in Mexico or tropical America.

As a simple example of a modern type of inquiry, I quote Griscom's summarization of what has been learned of the fluctuation in numbers of the ruffed grouse: "... this popular game bird seems to have cycles of prosperity of about eleven years. Starting from a low point which lasts several years, a sudden boom takes place; several good years result in a great increase in the population; disease then breaks out and the total number is rapidly cut down to the original low point, which marks the beginning of the new cycle. Curiously enough, hunting has been proved to make no difference...."

The second chapter, which deals with the capacity and intelligence of birds, is second to none in reader interest. Birds, we learn, are in a constant fever—by our standards—for their normal temperatures are from 103 to 112 degrees Fahrenheit and their pulse rate is nearly double ours. After a long night flight, a migrating warbler may doze for only twenty minutes. High temperature, fast pulse, and excessive activity take their toll, for Griscom says that small birds "burn themselves out, so to speak, in a comparatively brief span of years." A short life, but possibly a merry one, for "birds obviously have a very vivid emotional life" and "the marriage relations of the house wren can only be described in human terms as something positively scandalous."

Has *The Reader's Digest* been unduly naive in purchasing anecdotes purporting to show the reasoning power or wisdom of birds? Griscom assures us that "there is no experimental evidence whatsoever of anything remotely resembling reasoning power in birds." Few birds are able to count to three. Birds learn by experience, through trial and error rather than reasoning, but so slowly that it has taken most birds about twenty-five generations to adapt themselves to civilization.

One of the best stories of a good intention defeating its purpose concerns an attempt to protect brown pelicans from irate fishermen. "Pelican Island was made a sanctuary; and a big sign was put up saying: 'This is Pelican Island. The Pelicans are protected, and no one can land on this island without a permit.' When the pelicans returned the following year to their island and saw the sign, they said: 'This is terrible, we are not used to this sign at all.' And they deserted the reservation in a body!"

The third chapter treats the adaptability of birds; that is, the manner in which they have reacted to civilization. It does not consider the reciprocal impact of starlings and pigeons upon cities! The barn swallow has become completely domesticated; the killdeer finds excellent nesting sites in freight yards; robins, not yet disillusioned, prefer the vicinity of man, and crows hop rides atop trolley cars, not in Podunk, mind you, but along Massachusetts Avenue in Cambridge. The lowly and unloved house, or English, sparrow "is, perhaps, the outstanding and most successful songbird in the world," having "conquered almost every climate on earth except the Arctic."

Chapters four and five are devoted to the origin, causes, and routes of the round-trip migrations of birds, one of the most remarkable of all zoological phenomena. This involved subject is presented so simply that much of the "riddle" of migration becomes understandable. Birds winter where food is

available; they don't fly south for sun and warmth. "Human beings cannot compete with birds in their ability to withstand low temperatures. To think of birds as 'delicate little creatures' is a delusion."

The succeeding four chapters are devoted to the distribution of birds, and the final one to matters of classification and naming. I enjoyed them thoroughly, but I am always intrigued by distributional matters. The general reader, but certainly not the interested Audubonite, may find this second half of the book less interesting than the first, for it is intentionally somewhat more technical. There is certainly a bit too much old-fashioned concern over zoogeographic regions. The reasons for the avian wealth of the tropics, the influences of mountains upon bird populations, and the effect of glaciation upon North American bird life are clearly presented. These chapters are replete with factual information. I was previously unaware, for example, that little Ecuador, with 1,780 known kinds of birds "can claim one bird out of every thirteen on earth," whereas recently refrigerated North America's vast area harbors only six hundred-odd species.

One of the fifteen pictures included in the book is by Hal H. Harrison, of Tarentum, an outstanding bird photographer and a recent president of the Audubon Society of Western Pennsylvania. There are also ten useful maps and diagrams; each chapter is terminated with a brief list of references for further reading; and there is an index.

I feel that I have done this book an injustice in reading it under a city roof. It is sized to fit the pocket of a field jacket. It was written by a fieldman for those who watch living birds in the field. Its destiny is to be read aloud, before a blazing fire, to a group of students wearied by a day's "birding," or to be pondered over by the solitary traveler holed up during inclement weather.

CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

THE EDITOR'S DESK

Arthur C. Twomey leaves April 1 on a two-months' expedition in the northern Bahama Islands for which Dr. Matthew T. Mellon is giving the facilities of his yacht. The trip is to complete an ornithological survey of birds of the section, which was begun in 1942. It is expected that a large number of valuable Bahama water birds will be added to the Section of Ornithology's collection at the Carnegie Institute.

-3-

Marshall Bidwell has given two out-of-town organ recitals recently: one, before the Wheeling Chapter of the American Guild of Organists; the other, at the First Methodist Church in Cleveland.

-3-

A letter to Arthur W. Henn from Dr. Ellis M. Frost, Pittsburgh physician, reads in part: "Your articles in *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE* concerning Frederic S. Webster and the Andrew Carnegie Naturalist Club carry me back to my boyhood days when I spent a great deal of my time in the laboratories of the Carnegie Museum. . . Certainly it was one of the most potent influences in my young life and probably was responsible for the trend my education took toward the medical profession. . . It was one of those experiences which I think we remember with a great deal of gratitude."

-3-

The *Philadelphia Museum Bulletin* for March, in connection with its current exhibition of paintings by two Philadelphians, Arthur B. Carles and Franklin C. Watkins, quotes Mr. Carles' advice to a young artist:

"Tell him to play billiards. On that green surface and within that frame he will find the equilibrium, symmetry, triangulation, direction, motion, and restraint of all art."

-4-

Stanley Truman Brooks, on leave of absence from the Carnegie Museum staff to edit the *Arsenal's Research Record* of the United States Army, in Philadelphia, writes *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE*:

"Editing the research of some six arsenal laboratories, I have been in very close contact with the field of metallurgy. My only complaint on Robert F. Mehl's recent article, 'World-Wide Metallurgy,' is that he did not stress more the enormous importance of metallurgy in the recent World War. This is due to his scientific modesty, no doubt, as the names of Mehl, Wells, Van Winkle, Ziegler, and others of the Tech staff, past and present, are met with every day in our Ordnance studies. . . Steel is as important an instrument of peace as it is of war."

-4-

Gladys Schmitt, author of the widely acclaimed and best-selling *David the King*, will be interviewed by Ralph Munn on the regular Carnegie Institute broadcast on April 2 at 6:45 P.M., over WCAB.

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